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FUNNY ANIMALS

Victober-Inversioner, 1935

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The following unablending monopolities as worth planting on their events by the ATORIC MODIE + COWNOY WESTEN HEROES + CEIMA AND JUTICE + THEN ADMINALS + CHE RIGH BY HEARTON + HOT TOOS AND BACKING CAS + TOO FUNNITS + LAIM LANGE WISTERS+ EXOCUT LONG WISTERS+ EXCENTS FOR LONG + SCHOOL HOUSE AND BACKING CAS + TOO FUNNITS + LAIM TOO FUND + TO











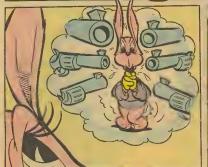


































WHAT DO YOU

MEAN - ARE

YOU REALLY A CROOK ?































































ATOMIC MOUSE in Bum-bum-bum-BOMB

Thought waves that read "DANGER" penetrated the deep sleep of Atomic Mouse. He had been out on a case for the past week without sleep, and after a great deal of planetleaping, he had caught up with Count Gotto on Pluto, a little-known planet. It was tiring, this racing around the universe, but not tiring enaugh to prevent emergency thought woves from being received. Atomic Mouse owoke fost and was out of his bed at a bound. He had only been sleeping for on hour, after being awake for 148 hours, but a U-235 pill saan restored all his energy.

"What can it be?", Atomic Mouse wondered, concentrating heavily. He had just put Count Gatto behind bars for a good long stoy, and was sure he was locked up well. It couldn't be Count Gattol No, the thaught woves he was receiving with his Atomic Sense Perception

did not mention Count Gatto.

He bore down on his thoughts, chin in hond. He concentrated so heavily sporks began to fly from his eors and his hair stood on end with electrical atomic effort. In this way Atomic Mouse could determine where and when evil things were about to happen before they happened. Much time was soved and many bad things were prevented from happening in this

way.

"AN" was received. Then A then T and then O then M than I then C come through the thought channels. Atomic Mouse turned on all his energy to receive the message. "This one really means something!" he soid half-aloud. B then O then M then B came in, and then Atomic Mouse sprang through the window and oloft above the clouds in less time than it takes to loak from the ground to the sky.

"An Atomic Bomb is loase in New York Cityl It may go off any minute, and if I don't miss my guess, the bomb is planted somewhere in the Charlton Building in Times Squore!"

At supersonic speed, Atomic Mouse whistled through the stratosphere toward New Yark City, Atomic Mouse's hideoway is in the Rocky Mountoins, on the very highest peak, so he can better receive thought waves without interference. From ocross 2500 miles, a mental warning had been flashed—of course, no one but Atomic Mouse could have been able to receive this worning, for it hadn't even been put into words as yet.

An Atomic Bomb in the Chorlton Building,

Times Squore, New Work Cityl This was the building that housed the AI Fago Studios, the fomous publication house that produced Atomic Mouse Comic Books and others. If someone evil were trying to destroy the AI Fago Studios with a bomb, it's possible he bore a grudge against Atomic Mouse for some good deed he had done, and was politing to get back of him!

Within the time it took you to read the last paragraph, Atomic Mouse hod sped across the width of the United States, from his cabin in the Rockies to the eighth floor of the Charlton Building in New York City. Al Fago, who puts Atomic Mouse's true-life adventures in comic book form, was just getting o drink of water as Atomic Mouse zoomed in through the window. Mr. Fago almost dropped the water at the surprise visit.

"Why, Atomic Mouse, whot brings you to New York City?" asked Mr. Fago, "New adventures for the comics?" He dronk the water hurriedly — the sudden oppearance of Atomic Mouse from out of nowhere hod unnerved him slightly. You see, Mr. Fogo was used to seeing Atomic Mouse on paper as he drew him, and not in person.

"Hello, Mr. Fagol No—well, I do hove a planet-hopping odventure chasting Count Gotto to tell you — but that can wait until another time. I just received a thought message that an atomic bomb is planted somewhere around Times Square in New York City, and it might be in this building or in this very studio!"

Mr. Fago really dropped the water when he heard this. "An otomic b-bomb? In this studio? What can I do to help you locate it?"

But Atomic Mouse was already scanning the eighth floor with his X-ray vision, searching out any troce of an atomic bomb. There was none. "Con't say that I see any part or parcel of an A-Bomb around here—"I'm not familiar with New York City to ony great extent, Mr. Fago. Con you give me some help on where I might track down an A-Bomb 2".

"Well, maybe---moybe not," said Al Fago, thoughtful. He reached for the yellow poges of the phone book. "We might look under the A's and B's in the phone directory! Maybe just gloncing at some addresses will give you some

ideas!"

"There's a thought — let's look!" Atomic Mouse had read all of the nomes on the first two pages of the closely-printed phone book within three secands after the page was opened. Within twenty seconds he had read and memorized every nome and phone number under oil the A's and B's of the yellow pages of the phane book.

"Any ideos?" Al Fago asked,

"I've got one lead—Atomic Bomb was listed under the BMT subway station at Times

Square!" Atomic Mouse replied.

Al Foga looked up BMT and foiled to see Atomic Bomb listed under it. Then he caught an. "Oh," he soid, as Atomic Mouse leaped from the sill of the eight-story high window, "you mean you got thought waves on it as you read the address!"

"Exactly!" shouted Atomic Mouse, who was already out of sight as he plunged into the the crowded orea of Times Square and headed for the BMT subway station. He entered the station and began scanning the plotform and walls for signs of a bomb. A troin thundered in the distance and headed into the BMT station. The crowd around Atomic Mouse grew and began to restrict his searching. He was about to look the luggage lockers over when the bright, booming subway troin roared to a stop not two feet from him. Atomic Mouse then experienced something entirely new.

A mob of aver three-thousand people descended upon the subway train and rushed inta it, corrying Atamic Mouse along with them, Within 15 seconds Atomic Mouse found himself hurtled onto the train as the doors opened and then closed. He was cought in a huge mob af people, the way a sordine is caught in a con.

Now Atomic Mouse could have resisted the flow of people with his strength, but it would have hurt many people in the process. He stood there, crushed by the crowd, feoring to mave for the sake of the people, if he broke out of the train, hurtling down the track to the next stop, it might wreck the troin and injure many peoplel Atomic Mouse was tao much af a gentlemon to push out and hurt people, so he decided to stay until the next stop.

But the next stop was not better! And the next and the next were even more crowded! Even strang Atomic Mouse began to feel pushed in upon! In another forty minutes, Atomic Mouse came to a stop where he could feave the train! It was in a strange section-Brook- . lyn-which Atomic Mouse didn't know. He was lost! But not for long-Atomic Mouse took a moderate 5,000 foot leop into the air and circled around the entire city of New York, Times Square stood out like a piece of soot an a yord-full of snaw, or like a piece of snow on a yard-full of soot, whichever way you happen to think af Times Square in relation to New York City.

In five seconds, Atomic Mouse was back in Al Fago's affice, Al looked up fram his drawing board. "Hi, Atomic Mousel Any luck finding the bomb?"

Atomic Mouse wiped his braw, "No, but I found Brooklyn1 I got shoved on the subway train by mistoke and ended up gut there!"

Al Fago brought a choir and a gloss of

water to Atamic Mouse. He was sympathetic. having been cought in Brooklyn by mistake once himself. "Here," he said, "sit down and take a drink of water! You prabably need it after THAT ordeal!"

Atomic Mouse sot and had a drink of water. "Thanks," he soid, gratefully. Just then Blanche Fogo, Al's wife, hurried into the office, excited

and shouting.

"Atomic Mousel" Mrs. Fogo shouted, "I heard about TWO PLACES on BROADWAY that have atomic bombs! Maybe those are the ones you're looking for!"

Before she had finished the sentences, Atomic Mouse was off again—this time he shot up the length of Braodway (which is the longest street in the world), checking both sides of the street with X-ray eyes for signs of A-Bombs. It was octually faster for him to cover Broodway in this way then wait for Mrs. Fago to tell him any more about where the addresses might be, for he cavered the distance of the street in a split second, observing all as he went.

In six seconds he was back in the officeatmost as saan os Mrs. Fago had completed the sentence, "You're right, Mrs. Fago-but one of the places is selling A-bamb toy kits-and the other one sells Atomic Balm for the hands!"

As Atomic Mouse sot there, thinking further, he noticed a crew-cut, cigar-smaking, boyishlooking gentlemon leaving the ante-room of the offices. He was carrying a brief-cose, and lettered ocross the brief case was - THE ATOMIC BOMBI

Without further talk, Atamic Mouse hurtled across the room, through the office door (splintering it as he went) and tackled the crew-cut cigar-smoking, boyish-looking gentlemon with the brief case.

"Heyl" yelled the mon.
"Heyl" yelled Al Fago, "thot's Ray Gill, one of our writers, Atomic Mouse. Why'd you tackle HIM?"

Atomic Mouse fore open the brief case and faund a story—not o bomb—entitled "The Atomic Bomb". "Sorry," said Atomic Mouse, "but we can't be too coreful, con we? I have a notion my thought wave process is just a bit too sensitve-I'll have to lay off the U-235 pills for awhile till I get less senstive to thought messages! I should have known the first time I sow crowded Times Square that it wouldn't be a good place to set off an A-Bombl"

"Why not?" asked Blanche and Al and Ray, curious.

"Becouse no one would even NOTICE it!" was Atomic Mouse's reply.

They all had a good laugh, and then Atomic Mouse flew back to his Rocky Mountain hideout.







































































































































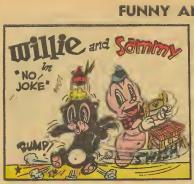




























































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